

## BALFOUR LOSING GROUND.

## CHAMBERLAIN OUTSTRIPPING HIM IN THE PREMIERSHIP RACE.

The Popularity Gained by the Colonial Secretary in the Transvaal Mission Added to by Last Week's Opportunistic Afternoon Tea on the House of Commons Terrace—Women in Parliament House—American Dresses at the Drawing Room—Cobden Club Declines Lord Morham's Challenge—Mr. Astor's Dinner Party.

LONDON, June 13. The great race for the Premiership of England between Arthur Balfour and Joseph Chamberlain has become extremely interesting to close observers. The rivalry between these two statesmen always has been keen, but the actual contest commenced when they became members of the same Cabinet, as was recorded in these despatches at the time. Chamberlain's opportunity came with Jameson's raid into the Transvaal, and he took it boldly. The ground he then gained has been more than maintained, and in the opinion of expert politicians he is now far ahead of Balfour to catch up to him. This week has added greatly to Chamberlain's popularity, for as honorary President of the congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the empire assembled here, he has been riding the high imperial horse with grace and dignity. Nothing so surely tickles John Bull's vanity as to hear statesmen indulge in high-sounding platitudes about the "empire upon which the sun never sets," and that sort of thing, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has been turning them out in a fine flow. At the subsequent reception of the Chamber of Commerce, he was particularly attractive, never hesitating to reply to who do not care to take the trouble to tax their thinking powers overmuch. It is impossible for Mr. Balfour to compete with this show business. He has the disadvantage of being a deep thinker, and is blessed or cursed with the habit of his husband, for he has lost ground in the political race. Moreover, he has managed the business of the House of Commons very badly, with the result that things Parliamentary got into a tangle which brought discredit upon the entire Cabinet, except Joseph Chamberlain, who has carefully abstained from taking any part in the management. Finally, Arthur Balfour is handicapped through being a bachelor, and he shows no inclination to remedy this defect. Joseph Chamberlain enjoys the immense advantage of having a clever, charming American wife, whose amiable, like that of her husband, has no limit. Few persons competent to express an opinion on the subject doubt that ex-Secretary Endicott's daughter will be a measurable period in the history of Downing street.

How great is the middle into which Balfour has got Parliamentary business is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that, despite the government majority of nearly 130, there is a legislative deadlock in the Commons, and the leaders have been compelled to resort to the desperate expedient of summoning a meeting of the rank and file to talk over the situation.

The Kitchen Cabinet of the House of Commons, which only recently overcame the difficulty with the male waiters arising out of the eternal tip question, has had the misfortune to fall foul of their working women folk. The trouble never would have arisen if the committee had been, like its predecessors, content to let things wander along in the comfortable old style. But triumphant democracy compelled various reforms in the price of food and drink, as recently related in THE SUN, and then the younger and glibber legislators carried the committee by storm in the matter of tea on the terrace and women waiters. In the House of Commons, which has a river frontage, and this has been turned into what Henry Labouchere, according to current report, contemptuously described as a cross between a casino and a café, daily equipped with tables covered with red cloth, and where the members take afternoon tea accompanied by their wives, sisters or sweethearts. Men waiters, in swallow-tailed coats, were voted incongruous in such a scene, which, by the way, was visited this week by Senator Hear, who, it is understood, deigned to express his approval thereof. The committee was therefore urged to hire young women, and in a weak moment yielded. Now there are fearsome rumors of undignified distractions in quiet corners, and the truth must be told in THE SUN, of assignments "after hours."

The young women's heads, too, have been turned. They want higher wages, and they strongly object to being required to attend daily for the purpose of ascertaining whether their services are required. Afternoon tea on the terrace is naturally dependent on the weather. If it is rainy or cold no waiters are required, and if there is a sudden fall in temperature, which is an unfeeling feature of the English climate, very few are needed, because a majority of the honorable members have reached an age when children are to be dreaded and avoided. Inquiry has elicited the information that the girls are hired by the day, so that they lose out and money if the weather is unpropitious. A trade paper which has championed the damsel's cause, says:

"Such close-packing economy is utterly beneath the dignity of the House of Commons." But apart from this question of waitresses, there is another matter related to the fact that at any moment there is a crisis. Lady visitors to the House of Commons have been growing more numerous and bolder, and the extension of the afternoon tea arrangements has accentuated what has long been regarded as a grievance by the staid members. The time was when the ladies were content and even grateful for the limited accommodation of the ladies' gallery, and the glimpse of Parliamentary life afforded them when being conducted thither. Now they stroll about the place as if the House were their own. Every afternoon a number of petticoats from fashionable women, and it has become quite an ordinary proceeding for batches of them to be conducted just inside the outer doorway of the sacred legislative chamber itself in order that they may obtain a peep into the interior, and a glimpse of the speaker in his robes, a spectacle which cannot be seen from the ladies' gallery. They invade the committee rooms and wander about the corridors, as often as not alone, and if challenged by the attendants attendantly scornfully decline to be cross-examined as to their rights to be in the place, or declare that they are as much entitled to be there as the gentlemen. It is hardly rumored that a secret committee of middle-aged married men has been formed for the purpose of grappling with the evil, and devising means whereby the presence of women may, at any rate, be confined to their proper partition, and thereafters the matter be left alone.

A responsible physician, who ought to be in a position to speak on such a matter with authority, estimates that two-thirds of the debilitated at this week's drawing room might have colds, and that an appreciable proportion have worn the seeds of all sorts of cold troubles. The weather was, in truth, cold and temperate, and, of course, everybody attended the drawing room who had had the luck to get on the Lord Chamberlain's list, including the fair American guests whose names were given in THE SUN a week ago. Most of the latter, by common consent, came out in the dress of the day, which colors, as they usually do. Miss Grace Duxham of New York wore white satin and white tulle, with silver spangle trimmings and white roses. Mrs. Greer Allen of St. Louis wore a maize-colored satin gown, the bodice and skirt embellished with intricate designs in Louis XVI. design. She carried a bouquet of orchids and blazed with diamonds. Her daughter wore the white satin and tulle, with arched of white lace and black velvet, but was lost in the crowd. There will be no more drawing room this year, a fact which affords infinite satisfaction to the Embassy people, who have to bear the burden of responsibility of satisfying the Lord Chamberlain as to the antecedents and social position of every American aspirant for presentation.

The Cobden Club has declined Lord Morham's challenge to pay £1,000 if it can prove the superiority of free trade over protection. The club loftily declares that such superiority is so complete and self-evident as to render a discussion superfluous.

After much tribulation and many conferences of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the great officers of state, it finally has been decided that only 150 invitations can be issued for the marriage of Princess Maud of Wales at the end of this month in the chapel of Buckingham Palace. As these must include the nobles, nobles and their wives, it is appalling to think how many high and mighty folks must be left out in the cold. Compensation for a good many of these may be found by giving them standing room in the corridors of the palace, whence they may view the wedding procession; but then there will be left a residue of rank and fashion of the very first water. The time for intrigue is past. The guests have been bidden, and only death or complete disablement will cause any vacancies now.

Mr. Astor's dinner party this week was bigger and grander even than last week's. Among the guests were Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, five earls, seven countesses, and numerous barons. At the subsequent reception, there were Ambassadors, Envoys Extraordinary, and Ministers Plenipotentiary, two dukes, five duchesses, any number of marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, some with their wives and some without. Sir William Vernon and Lady Vernon, and a unusual collection of charming widows, including Lady de Manners, Churchill. About a dozen Americans, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Henry White and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, gave pliancy to the gathering, which has not been equalled for the splendor of its surroundings and the distinction of its participants since the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury's dinner and reception at the Foreign Office in the middle of last month, upon the occasion of the official celebration of the Queen's birthday.

The action at law tried this week, in which Lord Salisbury, the oldest son of the Earl of Arran, was unsuccessfully sued by his wife, for breach of promise of marriage, has furnished a text for much moralizing by the newspapers which would have the world suppose that the shocking state of morality in high places which the case revealed is something exceptional. Few persons competent to express an opinion on the subject doubt that ex-Secretary Endicott's daughter will be a measurable period in the history of Downing street.

## ALCOHOLIC BRIDGE JUMP.

## PAT SULLIVAN FORGOT HE COULD NOT SWIM AND OUTTID BROTHER.

His Head Was Hot and the Water Looked Cool and Over He Went, Turning No End of Nonsense—Only a Sprained Hip the Worst When a Yacht Picked Him Up.

Patrick Sullivan, 27 years old, a printer, of 172 Wiloughby street, Brooklyn, took his degree as Bridge Jumper yesterday. When this was suggested he was on his way to a cot in the prison ward of Bellevue Hospital last evening he said:

"Yes, an' I'm more entitled to it than Brodie, who only dropped from the bridge, if he ever went off at all."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

Sullivan is a slender young man with a face wasted not to break. According to his own story he had been on a two-week's spree when he decided to jump from the Brooklyn Bridge last evening. He spent yesterday wandering around the saloons in the Bowery, picking up a drink wherever he could get it, and a little before midnight he started for his home in Brooklyn. Being "broke" he had to walk across the bridge. When he reached a point about 200 feet beyond the New York tower—"I tumbled," he says. "The water looked nice an' cool, an' I was hot in the head, an' I couldn't swim a lick."

## OUR STANDARD

## OF VALUES IS COAT, VEST AND PANTS, SELECTED FROM A NUMBERLESS ASSORTMENT OF PATTERNS, IN IMPORTED WORSTEDS, TWEEDS OR SERGES—FAST COLORS—MADE TO YOUR ORDER, TRIMMED TO SUIT FASTIDIOUS TASTES, FOR

NO MORE \$15.00 NO LESS

To elaborate on this would seem superfluous. Do you want a more convincing proof of the success of our offer than this—1,600 suits turned out each week from our stores in this city?

W. C. LOFTUS & CO.

Wholesale Woollen House and Mail Order Department, 35 Walker St.

10 Branch salesrooms in this City: 300 Broadway, Park Row and Nassau, (open evenings).

47 and 49 Beaver St. Equitable Building, 21 Broadway. Equitable Building, 21 Broadway. Equitable Building, 21 Broadway.

520 Broadway, b.t. Prince and Houston, (open evenings). 11th Street, near 29th St. 125th St. and Lexington Ave. Tailor Shops, 41 and 43 Esplanade St. Read for Samples and Self-Measurement.

Blankets kept in repair on charge. 48 Wood St., London, England.

JAMESON'S PROSECUTION.

As Unconscionable Case Made Out Against the Transvaal Raider.

Special Cable Despatch to THE SUN.

LONDON, June 13. The case for the prosecution against Dr. Jameson and the other officers of the Transvaal raiding force, was concluded before the High Street magistrates yesterday. The evidence, in the opinion of every lawyer, was proved conclusively that the raid, as THE SUN has long demonstrated, was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.

The raid was planned in cold blood by a gang of Stock Exchange manipulators, in which the redoubtable, ex-Secretary of State, Jameson, must now be included, and that the raid was an elaborate and carefully planned scheme to seize the Transvaal.